

Home Circle.

"HOME BEYOND."

MRS. QUINDORA GRUBB.

It has been my happy privilege to attend some of the revival meetings held by Brother Summers at Pleasant Hill, and while there, one of his sermons was prefaced by the motto, "Home Beyond." This motto has set me to thinking. There is certainly a great deal contained in this little phrase "Home Beyond." It is true many families live and die without an earthly home, but none need die without a home beyond. In this world people possess by inheritance, purchase or rent. We will admit that it is possible for those who get homes by inheritance, to lose the title or lose their home. Again, it is impossible for the poor to buy homes by the earnings of their own hands. We do not intend to say much of our earthly homes, only make some comparisons. It may be true that many of our EVANGELIST readers have been among the lucky of this world. Their parents have been what we call rich. Therefore, they have been able to give them homes free. But oft times, what is the result? "Easy come, easy go," is an old maxim well applied here. The fortune is lost, not in the way or by the advice given by the parents; for they know what those homes have cost. They know the actual value thereof. No wonder they warn the son, admonish the daughter, and explain the consequences of a riotous living. But all in vain. The last acre must be sold, the last dollar is spent, no matter if it does break the parents' heart. It is often seen by the unfortunate, when it is too late. When they return and implore the assistance of a kind father or mother to redeem that which they have lost. Now dear reader, how is it in our case. We have all been born to inherit a home beyond forever. There is no danger of losing it if we once gain admittance.

Are we giving heed to a merciful Father, and a pleading Savior. Can you not look back with me and say you did not see the dangerous course we were pursuing until almost too late. Our heavenly Father was trying to draw us from that sinful course. Christ, our Savior, stood with bleeding side, at the turning point to beckon us back. He sent ministers to warn us, but riotous as we were, we did not stop to think we were spending our home beyond. Almost the last talent gone, spent the last pound, and on and on, to destruction, losing our home beyond. To lose our own home was not enough, we tried to drag our friends, husbands and wives along and try to lose their home beyond. But just in time, we stop-

ped, looked, and saw danger ahead, danger just in sight. We thought we could do without God, the Bible a novel, God's warning a mockery, his minister not in earnest.

But listen. I have had a home beyond by inheritance, but I squandered it. The last hope within is gone. I am gone too far; I am bankrupt. Oh, my heavenly parent, what shall I do. Is there hope yet? Is there hope anywhere? I am afraid I have lost my home beyond, what shall I do, what can I do? Is there any hope yet of my redeeming my home beyond? Hark! whose beautiful voice is that? I heard some one say, "Come unto me." I wonder if he means me. And listen, he says, "If your sins are as mountains I will remove them." I will redeem your home beyond. Oh! it is Jesus. I will fly to his arms and redeem my home beyond.

This no doubt, is the true picture of the condition of a great many of the humble followers of the Lord. We return to him without any good in us, then he offers us again a home beyond. A house not made by hands eternal in the heavens. On certain conditions, God is certainly a good Father to us all. He will not that one shall be without a home beyond, and we can purchase it without silver or gold, purchased by obedience to God and his will. Only comply with the conditions which are offered us. But the best of all, we can get a clear title already in this world. Our home beyond will be ready for us, and then we will be lawfully adopted into God's family. Reader, would you like to have a home forever. If so, give God your heart, join his family here on earth, work in his vineyard while you live and certainly you will have a home beyond. When we get a home by hard earnings, how we long for the day when we can move in our own home. So it is with many a Christian parent whose head has been silvered by the frosts of many winters. Here I remember a Christian mother who counted the months, weeks, the days, and finally the hours when she could go to her home beyond, where she would not need leave any more. How pleasant it is to the child of God when the time arrives for to go to the home beyond.

Brethren and sisters, if we are all of one family, members of the same parent, our interest should certainly be mutual. We should help our fallen sisters or brethren, see that none lose their home beyond. Let us remember what our heavenly home has cost, nothing less than the blood of Jesus, the Son of God. Let us live and work together in love, peace and union, and then when the time will come to

go to the home beyond, we will be an unbroken family. We then will praise God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit for all, and that too, forever. What a happy home it will be. Brethren and sisters, don't forget to think about our home beyond.

Bloomers, Ohio.

CIGAR BUTT GRUBBERS.

Do you care to know how they are made? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York city as a vagrant, or in other words, young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with *picking up cigar stumps* from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed a basket half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with these?" asked his honor.

"I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound to be used in making cigarettes."

In our large cities there are a great many "cigar butt grubbers," as they are called, boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burned cigars and stumps, which are then dried and sold to be used in making cigarettes.

These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much *opium* is put into them. A tobacconist himself says, "The extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring" for this same purpose, is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rag-pickers, bleached white with arsenic.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, until finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange county, N. Y. He was regarded as a dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morrell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.—*Sunday-School Visitor*.